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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Taming of a Shrew

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 115]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Taming of a Shrew

[1596]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Taming of a Shrew.

[1596]

The only copy known of the earliest (1594) *edition of this play is in private hands : the owner refuses permission to reproduce.*

The edition dated 1596, *from which this facsimile is taken, varies but slightly and insignificantly* (*Amyot-Hazlitt-Hopkinson*) *from the* 1594 *copy. Another edition appeared in* 1607. *The Shakespeare Society's reprint of the earliest impression included a collation of that text with that of the* 1596 *and* 1607 *copies, and a reference to that reprint will show how little the three varied one from the others.*

The " extra " title-page given herein is from the facsimile issued in 1876 *by Mr. Ashbee and which is now as scarce as are copies of the original.*

The present facsimile is described as " exceedingly well done."

JOHN S. FARMER.

A

Pleaſant Conceited Hiſtorie, called The taming of a Shrew.

As it was ſundry times acted by the *Right honorable the Earle of* Pembrook his ſeruants.

Printed at London by Peter Short and *are to be ſold by Cutbert Burbie, at his* ſhop at the Royall Exchange.
1594.

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As it was sundrie times acted by the *Right honorable the Earle of* Pembrook his seruants.

Imprinted at London by P. S. and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange.
1596.

A Pleasant conceited Historie, called *The Taming of a Shrew.*

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken.*

Tapster.

YOu whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.
Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instigation, *Omne bene.*
Heere Ile lie a while, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere,
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.
He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th'antarticke World vnto the skie
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night,

Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntſman ſee them meated well,
For they haue all deſeru'd it well to daie.
But ſoft, what ſleepie fellow'is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, ſee one what he dooeth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken (ſleepe,
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunke ſo much that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the ſlauiſh villaine ſtinkes of drinke.
Ho, ſirha ariſe. What ſo ſound a ſleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my houſe,
And beare him eaſilie for feare he wake,
And in my faireſt chamber make a fire,
And ſet a ſumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richeſt garments on his backe,
Then ſet him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is doone againſt he ſhall awake,
Let heauenly muſicke play about him ſtill,
Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuiſde,
But ſee in any caſe you wake him not.

Exeunt two with *Slie.*

Now take my cloake and giue me one of yours,
Al fellowes now, and ſee you take me ſo,
For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To ſee his countenance when he dooth awake
And find himſelfe clothed in ſuch attire,
With heauenly muſicke ſounding in his eares,
And ſuch a banquet ſet before his eies,
The fellow ſure will thinke he is in heauen,
But we will about him when he wakes,
And ſee you call him lord, at euery word;
And offer thou him his horſe to ride abroad,

And

And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I wil aske what ſutes he meanes to weare,
And what ſo ere he ſaith, ſee you doo not laugh,
But ſtill perſwade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Meſ. And it pleaſe your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleaſure here.

Lord. The fitteſt time they could haue choſen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither ſtraight,
Now will I fit my ſelfe accordinglie,
For they ſhall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now ſirs, what ſtore of plaies haue you?

San. Marry my lord you may haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou ſhouldſt ſay, ſouns thout ſhame vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a Shrew.
Tis a good leſſon for vs my lord, for vs ẏ are maried men

Lord. The taming of a ſhrew, thats excellent ſure,
Go ſee that you make you readie ſtraight,
For you muſt plaie before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hees ſomething fooliſh, but what ſo ere he ſaies,
See that you be not daſht out of countenance.
And ſirha go you make you readie ſtraight,
And dreſſe your ſelfe like ſome louelie ladie,
And when I call ſee that you come to me,
For I will ſay to him thou art his wife,
Dally with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he deſire to goe to bed with thee,

Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou dooſt it well.
Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. *Ex.* boy
Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
For you must play assoone as he doth wake.
San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make vs ready,
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.
Lord. Very well sirha see that they want nothing.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, & the musick plaieng.

One. So sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.
Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presently. *Exit.*

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord How now, what is all thinges readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundly. My lord.
Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale, Heigh ho.
Lord. Heers wine my Lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which Lord?
Lord For your honour my Lord,

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Iesus what fine apparell
haue I got.
Lord. More richer far your honour hath to weare,
And if it pleaſe you I will fetch them ſtraight.
Wil. And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
Then winged *Pegaſus* in all his pride,
That ran ſo ſwiftlie ouer *Perſian* plaines.
Tom. And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
Your hounds ſtands readie cuppeld at the doore,
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.
Slie. By the maſſe I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?
Lord. *Simon* and if it pleaſe your honour.
Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to ſay *Simi on* or *Simon*
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Giue me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?
Lord. I my gratious Lord, and your louely ladie
Long time hath mourned for your abſence heere,
And now with ioy behold where ſhe dooth còme
To gratulate your honours ſafe returne.
Enter the boy in Womans attire.
Slie. *Sim.* Is this ſhe?
Lord. I my Lord.
Slie. Maſſe tis a prettie wench, whats her name?
Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchſafe
To looke on me, and leaue theſe frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe ſo eloquent,
To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.
Slie. Harke you miſtreſſe, will you eat a peece of
bread,

Come

Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you your honors plaiers be come
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes my Lord.

Slie. When will they plaie *Sim*?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My Lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

Exit boy.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by
Me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile call them my lord. Ho where are you there?

Sound Trumpets.

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man
and a boy.

Pol Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walks,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Giue entertainment to my deerest friend.

Aurel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowmed seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

Which

which ſince I haue ſo happily attaind,
My fortune now I do account as great
As earſt did *Cæſar* when he conquered moſt.
But tel me noble friend where ſhal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Poli. My Lord, if you vouchſafe of ſchollers fare,
My houſe, my ſelfe, and al is yours to vſe,
You and your men ſhal ſtaie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With al my heart, I wil requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonſus*, and his three daughters.

But ſtaie; what dames are theſe ſo bright of hew
Whoſe eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious ſtone,
More louely far then is the morning ſunne,
When firſt ſhe opes hir oriental gates?

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to the church,
And I will hie me downe vnto the key
To ſee what marchandiſe is come a ſhore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To ſee theſe damſels paſſe away ſo ſoone?

Aurel. Truſt me my friend I muſt confeſſe to thee,
I tooke ſo much delight in theſe faire dames,
As I do wiſh they had not gone ſo ſoone,
But if thou canſt, reſolue me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I do long to ſee them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor, good my Lorde,
For they are both louely, wiſe, faire and yong,
And one of them the yongeſt of the three
I long haue lou'd (ſweet friend) and ſhe lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compaſſe our deſired ioies.

Aurel. Why is not her father willing to the match

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnly sworne,
His eldest daughter first shal be espowsde,
Before he grants his yongest leaue to loue:
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Must first prouide for her if he wil speed,
And he that hath her shal be fretted so,
As good be wedded to the diuell himselfe,
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
And till that she be sped none else can speede.
Which makes me thinke that al my labors lost,
And who soere can get hir firme good wil,
A large dowrie he shal be sure to haue,
For hir father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Citizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shal keepe hir stil by my aduise,
And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
The image of honor and nobility,
In whose sweet person is comprisde the summe
Of natures skill and heauenly maiesty.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We must deuise a meanes to find some one
That wil attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
And I do know the man. Come hither boy
Go your waies sirha, to *Ferandees* house,
Desire him to take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immediatly.

Boy. I wil sir, and fetch him presently.

Pol. A man I thinke wil fit hir humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe in tongue,
And he I thinke wil match hir euery way,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

And

And for his person worth as good as she,
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we freely visit both our loues.

Aurel. O might I see the center of my soule
Whose sacred beauty hath inchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
That came with thousand ships to *Tenedos*.
But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
Tel him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,
That comes for trafficke vnto *Athens* here,
And here sirha, I wil change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
Reuel and spend as if thou wert my selfe,
For I will court my loue in this disguise.

Val. My Lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
How you do profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria*, let me alone,
But stay, here comes some other company.

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Sanders*
with a blew coate.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to al at once.
How now *Polidor*, what man stil in loue?
Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed?
God send me better lucke when I shal woo.

San. I warrant you master and you take my councel.

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who I, twere better for you by fiue marke
And you could tel how to do it as wel as I.

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.
Feran. Faith I am euen now a going.
San. I faith sir, my masters going to this geere now.
Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tel me true?
Feran. To bonie *Kate*, the patientst wench aliue
The Diuel himself dares scarce venter to woo her,
Seignior *Alfonso* eldest daughter,
And he hath promisde me sixe thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold her toot til she be wearie,
Or else ile make her yeeld to grant me loue.
Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our minds before we sent to him,
But tell me, when do you meane to speake with her?
Feran. Faith presently, do you but stand aside,
And I will make hir father bring hir hither;
And she, and I, and he, wil talke alone.
Pol. With al our hearts, come *Aurelius*
Let vs be gone and leaue him here alone. *Exit.*
Feran. Ho Seignior *Alfonso*, whose within there?
Alfon. Seignior *Ferando* your welcome hartily,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house.
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.
Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Do you step in and giue her hand to me,
And tell hir when the mariage day shal be,
For I do know she would be maried faine,
And when our nuptial rites be once performde,
Let me alone to tame hir wel inough,
Now cal her forth that I may speake with hir.
Enter *Kate*.

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench and list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendly as thou canst.
Feran. Twenty good morrowes to my louely *Kate.*
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours already?
Feran. I tel thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me wel.
Kate. The diuel you do, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
Kate. Was euer seene so grosse an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe do *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better, for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcocke wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this bransick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
She turnes aside and speaks.
But yet I will consent and marry him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alfon. Giue me thy hand, *Ferando* loues thee well,
And vvil vvith vvealth and ease maintaine thy state.
Here *Ferando* take her for thy vvife.

And ſunday next ſhal be our wedding day.

Feran. Why ſo did I not tel thee I ſhould be the man?
Father, I leaue my louely *Kate* with you,
Prouide your ſelues againſt our mariage day,
For I muſt hie me to my countrey houſe
In haſt to ſee prouiſion may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when ſhe doth come.

Alfon. Do ſo, come *Kate*, why doſt thou looke
So ſad, be merry wench, thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you wel, and ſee you keepe your promiſe.

Exit Alfonſo and *Kate.*

Feran. So, al thus far goes wel. Ho *Sander.*

Enter *Sander* laughing

San. *Sander*, I faith you are a beaſt, I crie God hartilie
Mercy, my harts ready to run out of my belly with
Laughing, I ſtood behind the doore al this while,
And heard what you ſaid to hir. (wel to hir?

Feran. Why didſt thou thinke that I did not ſpeake

San. You ſpoke like an aſſe to hir, ile tel you what,
And I had bin theere to haue woode hir, and had this
Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before ſhe
Had gone a foot furder, and you talke of Woodcocks
With hir, and I cannot tel you what. (for al this.

Feran. Wel ſirha, and yet thou ſeeſt I haue got her.

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope ſheele make you one of the head men of the
pariſh ſhortly.

Feran. Wel ſirha, leaue your ieſting and go to *Polidors*
The yong gentleman that was here with me, (houſe,
And tel him the circumſtance of al thou knowſt,
Tel him on ſunday next we muſt be maried,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrey to my houſe,
And vpon Sunday ile be here againe. *Ex. Ferando,*

San.

San. I warrant you master feare not me
For doing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuery cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now, ile scarce put vp
Plaine *Sander* now at any of their hands, for and any
Body haue any thing to do with my master, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Sander speake a good word for me, and then am I so
Stout and takes it vpon me, and stands vpon my pantofles
To them out of al crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my master hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now of late, and I haue a prety wench
To my sister, and I had thought to haue preferred my
Master to hir, and that would haue bin a good
Deale in my way, but that hees sped already.

Enter *Polidors* boy.

Boy. Friend, wel met.
San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he seees
Not my masters liuery coate,
Plaine friend hop of my thum, know you who we are.
Boy. Trust me sir it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this maner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angry with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorry for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole wil make you amends for al.
San. The slaue is sorrie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angry, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.
Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertaine to seignior
Ferando.
San. I and thou beest not blind thou maist see,
Ecce signum, here.
Boy. Shal I intreat you to do me a message to your
Master.

San. I, it may be, & you tel vs from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie sir I serue yong *Polidor* your maisters friend.

San. Do you serue him, and whats your name?

Boy. My name sirha, I tel thee sirha is cald Catapie.

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth vvaters to haue a peece of thee.

Boy. Why slaue, vvouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee, who vvould not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie,
But vvilt thou tel me vvhere thy maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tel me where thy maister is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tel thee.

Boy. Why see where he comes.

Enter *Polidor*, *Aurelius*, and *Valeria*.

Pol. Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithful friend,
Now will we go to see those louely dames
Richer in beauty then the orient pearle,
Whiter then is the Alpine Christal mould,
And far more louely then the terean plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone,
What *Sander*, vvhat newes vvith you?

San. Marry sir my maister sends you vword
That you must come to his vvedding to morrovv.

Pol. What shal he be maried then?

San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as you do.

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone novv?

San. Marry he's gone vnto his house in the Countrey,
To make al things in a readinesse against my new
Mistres comes thither, but he'le come againe to morrow.

Pol. This is suddainly dispatcht belike,
Wel, sirrha boy, take *Saunder* in with you

And

And haue him to the buttrey presentlie.

Boy. I will sir: come *Saunder.*

Exit Sander and the *Boy.*

Aurel. Valeria as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonsos* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know wil fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his hands,
Begon *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Valer. I wil sir and stay your comming at *Alfonsos* house.

Exit Valeria.

Pol. Now sweet *Aurelius* by this deuise
Shal we haue leisure for to court our loues,
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steale abrode,
For otherwise sheele keepe them both within,
And make them worke whilst she her selfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonsos* house,
And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agreese
I doubt his musicke scarse will please his skoller,
But stay heere comes *Alfonso.*

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. What M. *Polidor*, you are wel met,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is,
I haue set my daughter and him togither,
But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

Pol. He is, I pray you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthy Marchants son of *Cestus.*

Alfon. Your welcome sir, and if my house aforde

You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you ſir make bold with me.
Aurel. I thanke you ſir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandiſe or trauel on the ſeas,
Sattins or lawnes or azure coloured ſilke,
Or pretious firie pointed ſtones of Indy,
You ſhal command both them, my ſelfe and al.
Alfon. Thanks gentle ſir, *Polidor* take him in,
And bid him welcome to vnto my houſe,
For thou I thinke muſt be my ſecond ſonne,
Ferando, *Polidor* dooſt thou not know
Muſt marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.
Pol. Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.
Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, go let me alone,
For I muſt ſee againſt the bridegroome come,
That al things be according to his mind,
And ſo ile leaue you for an houre or two. *Exit.*
Pol. Come then *Aurelius* come in with me,
And weele go ſit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire. *Exit.*

Then *Slie* ſpeakes.

Slie. *Sim*, when wil the foole come againe?
Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.
Slie. Gis ſome more drinke here, ſouns wheres
The Tapſter, here *Sim* eate ſome of theſe things.
Lord. So I do my Lord.
Slie. Heere *Sim I* drinke to thee.
Lord. My Lord, heere comes the plaiers againe.
Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate* with him.

Vale. The ſenceleſſe trees by muſick haue bin mou'd,
And at the ſound of pleaſant tuned ſtrings,

Haue

Haue ſauage beaſts hung down their liſtning heads,
As though they had beene caſt into a trance.
Then it may be that ſhe whom nought can pleaſe,
With muſickes ſound in time may be ſuppriſde,
Come louely miſtreſſe wil you take your lute,
And play the leſſon that I taught you laſt?
Kate. It is no matter whether I do or no,
For truſt me I take no great delight in it.
Val. I would ſweet miſtreſſe that it lay in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.
Kate. In you with a peſtlence, are you ſo kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles caſe,
To warme your head, and hide your filthy face.
Val. If that ſweet miſtres were your hearts content,
You ſhould command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my diſgrace.
Kate. Your ſo kinde twere pitty you ſhould be hang'd,
And yet methinks the foole doth looke aſquint.
Val. Why miſtreſſe do you mocke me?
Kate. No, but I meane to moue thee.
Val. Wel, wil you play a little?
Kate. I, giue me the lute.
She plaies.
Val. That ſtop was falſe, play it againe.
Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy aſſe,
Val. What do you bid me kiſſe your arſe?
Kate How now iack ſauſe, your a iolly mate.
Your beſt be ſtil leaſt I croſſe your pate,
And make your muſicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your fooliſh coxcombe meet.
She offers to ſtrike him with the lute.
Val. Hold miſtreſſe, ſouns wil you breake my lute?
Kate. I on thy head, and if thou ſpeake to me,

There take it vp and fiddle somewhere else,
She throwes it down.
And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face. *Ex. Kate.*
Val. Souns, teach her to play vpon the lute?
The Diuel shal teach hir first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in al my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine eares,
My maister shal teach hir his selfe for me,
For ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and *Polidor* sent me before
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And here methinks they come togither.
Enter *Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia,*
and *Philena.*
Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse?
Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.
Aurel. Why *Valeria*, wil she not learne apace?
Val. Yes berlady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire,
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.
Aurel. Well *Valeria*, go to my chamber,
And beare him company that came to daie
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels. *Ex. Valeria.*
Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louely loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire
Wilie *Promethus* stilie stole from *Ioue*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euery obiect striken by thine eies.
Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And eithe e must enioy thy loue, or die.

Eme. Fie man, I know you wil not die for loue,
Ah *Polidor* thou needſte not to complaine,
Eternal heauen ſooner be diſſolude,
And al that pearſeth Phebus ſiluer eie,
Before ſuch hap befal to *Polidor*.
Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for theſe ſweet words,
But what ſaith *Philena* to hir friend?
Phyle. Why I am buying marchandiſe of him.
Aurel. Miſtreſſe you ſhal not need to buie of me,
For when I croſt the bubling Canibey,
And ſailde along the Chriſtal Heliſpont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cauſe millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To ſeeke for ſtrange and new found pretious ſtones,
And diue into the ſea to gather pearle,
As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* ſonne,
And you ſhall take your liberal choiſe of al.
Phyle. I thanke you ſir, and would *Phylena* might
In any curteſie requite you ſo,
As ſhe with willing heart could wel beſtow.

Enter *Alfonſo*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?
Eme. Not yet father, I wonder he ſtaies ſo long.
Alfon. And wheres your ſiſter that ſhe is not here?
Phyle. She is making of hir ready father
To go to church and if that he were come.
Pol. I warrant you heele not be long away.
Alfon. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Siſter prouide her ſelfe againſt that we do come,
And ſee you go to church along with vs.
Exit Phylena and *Emelia*.
I maruel that *Ferando* comes not away.

Pol. His Taylor it may be hath bin too ſlacke
In his apparel which he meanes to weare,
For no queſtion but ſome fantaſticke ſutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious ſtones,
Spotted with liquid gold, thicke ſet with pearle,
And ſuch he meanes ſhal be his wedding ſutes.
Alfon. I carde not *I* what coſt he did beſtow,
In gold or ſilke, ſo he himſelfe were here,
For I had rather loſe a thouſand crowns,
Then that he ſhould deceiue vs heere to day,
But ſoft I thinke I ſee him come.

Enter *Ferando* baſely attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. God morrow father, *Polidor* wel met,
You wonder I know that I haue ſtaid ſo long.
Alfon. I marry ſon we were almoſt perſwaded
That we ſhould ſcarſe haue had our bridegroome here,
But ſay, why art thou thus baſely attired?
Feran. Thus richly father you ſhould haue ſaid,
For when my wife and I am maried once,
Shees ſuch a ſhrew, if we ſhould once fal out,
Sheele pul my coſtly ſutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired a while,
For many things I tel you's in my head,
And none muſt know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we ſhal liue like lambs and Lions ſure,
Nor lambs to Lions neuer was ſo tame,
If once they lie within the Lyons pawes,
As *Kate* to me if we were maryed once,
And therefore come let vs to church preſently.
Pol. Fie *Ferando*, not thus attired for ſhame,
Come to my chamber and there ſute thy ſelfe

Of

Of twenty ſutes that *I* did neuer were.

Feran. Tuſh *Polidor* I haue as many ſutes
Fantaſticke made to fit my humor ſo,
As any in Athens, and as richly wrought
As was the Maſsie Robe that late adornd
The ſtately legate of the Perſian King,
And this from them haue *I* made choiſe to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goſte vnto the church with vs,
To put ſome other ſute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if *I* might gaine it ſo,
And therefore take me thus or not at al.

Enter *Kate.*

But ſoft ſee where my *Kate* doth come,
I muſt ſalute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou ready? ſhal we go to church?

Kate. Not I with one ſo mad, ſo baſely tirde,
To marry ſuch a filthy ſlauiſh groome,
That as it ſeemes ſometimes is from his wits,
Or elſe he would not thus haue come to vs.

Feran. Tuſh *Kate* theſe words addes greater loue in me,
And makes me thinke thee fairer then before,
Sweete *Kate* thou louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the ſnowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
Father *I* ſweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiante is my bony Kate,
Then ſiluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
And care not thou ſweet *Kate* how *I* be clad,
Thou ſhalt haue garments wrought of Median ſilke,
Enchaſt with pretious iewels fetcht from far,
By *I*talian marchants that vvith Ruſsian ſtemes,
Ploughs vp huge furrowes in the *Terren Maine*,

And

And better far my louely *Kate* ſhal weare,
Then come ſweet loue and let vs to the church,
For this I ſweare ſhal be my wedding ſute.

Exeunt omnes

Alfon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus do what we can he wil be wed. *Exit.*

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander.*

Boy. Come hither ſirha boy.

San. Boy;oh diſgrace to my perſon,ſouns boy
Of your face,you haue many boyes with ſuch
Pickadeuaunts I am ſure,ſouns would you
Not haue a bloudy noſe for this?

Boy. Come,come,I did but ieſt,where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe?

San. The pie?I you haue more mind of your belly
Then to go ſee what your maiſter dooes.

Boy. Tuſh tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am very hungry *I* promiſe thee.

San. Why you may take it and the diuell burſt
You with it,one cannot ſaue a bit after ſupper,
But you are alwaies ready to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man,we ſhal haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouſe,for your maſters gone to
Church to be maried already,and thears
Such cheere as paſſeth.

San. O braue,*I* would I had eate no meate this weeke,
For I haue neuer a corner left in my belly
To put a venſon paſtie in,I thinke I ſhal burſt my ſelfe
With eating,for ile ſo cram me down the tarts
And the marchpaines out of al crie.

Boy. I,but how wilt thou do now thy maiſters
Maried,thy miſtres is ſuch a diuel,as ſheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly,ſheele beat thee ſo.

San.

San. Let my maſter alone with her for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warrant thee,
For he's ſuch a churle waxen now of late, that and he be
Neuer ſo little angry he thums me out of al cry,
But in my mind ſirha the yongeſt is a very
Pretty wench, and if I thought thy maſter would
Not haue hir, Ide haue a fling at hir
My ſelfe, ile ſee ſoone whether twil be a match
Or no: and it wil not ile ſet the matter
Hard for my ſelfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Souns you ſlaue wil you be a Riuall with
My maſter in his loue, ſpeake but ſuch
Another word and ile cut off one of thy legs.

San. Oh, cruel iudgement, nay then ſirha,
My tongue ſhal talke no more to you, marry my
Timber ſhal tel the truſty meſſage of his maiſter
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abuſious
Villaine, therefore prepare thy ſelfe.

Boy. Come hither thou imperfectious ſlaue in
Regard of thy beggery, hold thee thers
Two ſhillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left leg which I meane
Furiouſly to inuade or to maime at the leaſt.

San. O ſupernodical foole! wel ile take your
Two ſhillings, but ile bar ſtriking at legs.

Boy. Not I, for ile ſtrike any where.

San. Here take your two ſhillings againe,
Ile ſee thee hangd ere ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken ſhin the other day,
Tis not whole yet, and therefore ile not fight.
Come come, why ſhould we fal out?

Boy. Wel ſirha your faire words hath ſomthing
Alaied my Choller: I am content for this once
To put it vp and be friends with thee,

But

But soft, see where they come al from church,
Belike they be married already.

Enter *Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso, and Polidore, and Emelia, and Aurelius, and Phylema.*

Feran. Father farewel, my *Kate* and I must hom,
Sirha, go make ready my horse presently.

Alfon. Your horse! what son I hope you do but iest,
I am sure you wil not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'd to stay,
And not to trauel on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut *Kate* I tel thee we must needs go home,
Villaine hast thou sadled my horse?

San. Which horse, your curtal?

Feran. Souns you slaue stand you prating here?
Saddel the bay gelding for your mistris.

Kate Not for me, for ile not go.

San. The Ostler will not let me haue him, you owe ten pence
For his meate, and 6. pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.

Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.

San. Shal I giue them another pecke of lauender?

Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.

Alfon. Why son, I hope at least youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maister lets stay til dinner be don.

Feran. Souns villaine art thou here yet? *Exit Sander*
Come *Kate*, our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.
Ile haue my wil in this as wel as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your friends
Despite of you ile tarry with them stil.

Feran. I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shal be espoused,
Then thou and I wil keep e our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,

For

For here I promise thee before them all,
We wil ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes, we wil away,
This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,
And I wil do what euer thou commandest.
Gentlemen farwel, weel take our leaues,
It wil be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwel *Ferando* since you wil be gone.

Alfon. So mad a couple did I neuer see.

Emel. They're euen as well matcht as I would wish.

Phyle. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame hir:
For when he has don she wil do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleeue.

Pol. *Aurelius* or else I misse my marke,
Her toung wil walke if she doth hold her hands,
I am in doubt ere halfe a month be past,
Heele curse the priest that maried him so soone,
And yet it may be she wil be reclaimde,
For she is very patient growne of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue stil,
I would be loth that they should disagree,
But he I hope wil hold hir in a while.

Pol. Within this two daies I wil ride to him,
And see how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,
What haue you sent to *Cestus* as you said,
To certifie your father of your loue,
For I would gladly he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tel to me,
I gesse he is a marchant of great wealth:
And I haue seene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilest *Polidor* doth liue.

Aurel. I find it so right worthy gentlemen,
And of vvhat worth your friendship I esteeme,
I leue censure of your seueral thoughts,
But for requital of your fauors past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shal be remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon. Inough *Aurelius*: but we forget
Our marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs see what there they left behind. *Exit omnes*

Enter *Sanders* with two or three
seruing men.

San. Come sirs, prouide al things as fast as you can,
For my masters hard at hand and my new mistris
And al, and he sent me before to see al things ready.

Tom. Welcome home *Sander*, sirha, how lookes our
New mistris, they say she's a plagy shrew.

San, I and that thou shalt find I can tel thee and thou
Dost not please her wel, why my master
Has such a do with hir as it passeth and he's euen
like a madman.

Wil. Why *Sander* vvhat does he say.

San. Why ile tel you what when they should
Go to church to be married, he puts on an old
Ierkin and a paire of canas breeches down to the
Smal of his leg and a red cap on his head, and he
Lookes as thou vvilt burst thy selfe with laughing
When thou seest him he's ene as good as a
Foole for me: and then vvhen they should go to dinner
He made me saddle the horse and away he came,
And nere tarried for dinner and therefore you had best
Get supper ready against they come, for

They

They be hard at hand I am ſure by this time.

Tom. Sounes ſee where they be already.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*.wheres theſe villaines
Here,what?not ſupper yet vpon the bord:
Nor table ſpred,not nothing don at al,
Wheres that villaine that I ſent before.

San. Now, *adſum*,ſir.

Feran. Come hither you villaine ile cut your noſe,
You Rogue:helpe me off with my bootes:wilt pleaſe
you to lay the cloth?ſounds the villaine
Hurts my foote?pul eaſily I ſay;yet againe.

He beates them al.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meat.

Sounes?burnt and skorcht,who dreſt this meat?

Wil. Forſouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meat
and al,and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bring you me ſuch meat,
Out of my ſight I ſay and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* weele haue other meat prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber ſir?

San. I forſooth. *Exit Ferando and Kate.*

Manent ſeruing men and eate vp al the meat.

Tom. Sounes, I thinke of my conſcience my maſters
Mad ſince he was maried.

Wil. I laſt what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling off his bootes.

Enter *Ferando* againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you ſo you damned villaine.

He beates them al out againe.

This humor muſt I hold me to a while,

To

To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger, ease and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe, nor meat shal she inioy to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make hir gently come vnto the lure,
Were she as stubborne or as ful of strength
As were the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamde,
That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pul her downe and make hir come
As hungry hawkes do fly vnto their lure. *Exit*

Enter *Aurelius and Valeria.*

Aurel. *Valeria* attend: I have a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milke white way of Ioue,
As chast as *Phœbe* in hir summer sports,
As soft and tender as the asure downe,
That circles *Cithereas* siluer dóues.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweet content,
That *I* thou knowst long time haue aimed at.
Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that *I* might gaine my loue,
Which easily thou maist performe at wil,
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Wil as he said go to *Alfonsos* house,
And say he is my father, and there withal
Pas ouer certaine deeds of land to me,
That *I* thereby may gaine my harts desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord ile fetch him straight to you,
For heele do any thing that you command,
But tel me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shal be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

Valeria

Vale. He ſaies ſo.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming ſchoole.

Val. The taming ſchoole: why is there ſuch a place?

Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the maſter of the ſchoole.

Val. Thats rare: but what *decorum* dos he vſe?

Aurel. Faith I know not: but by ſome odde deuiſe,
Or other, but come *Valeria* Hong to ſee the man,
By whom we muſt compriſe our plotted drift,
That I may tel him what we haue to do.

Val. Then come my Lord and I wil bring you to him
ſtraight.

Aurel. Agreed, then lets go. *Exeunt*

Enter *Sander and his miſtris.*

San. Come miſtris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to ſome meat,
I am ſo faint that I can ſcarſely ſtand.

San. I marry miſtris, but you know my maſter
Has giuen me a charge that you muſt eat nothing,
But that which he himſelfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy maſter needs neuer know it.

San. You ſay true indeed: why looke you miſtris,
What ſay you to a peece of beeffe and muſtard now?

Kate. Why I ſay tis excellent meat, canſt thou
Helpe me to ſome?

San. I, *I* could helpe you to ſome, but that
I doubt the muſtard is too chollerick for you.
But what ſay you to a ſheepes head and garlicke?

Kate. Why any thing, *I* care not what it be.

San. *I* but the garlicke *I* doubt wil make your breath
Stincke, and then my maſter wil courſe me for letting
You eate it. But what ſay you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meat for a king ſweet *Sander*, helpe
Me to ſome of it.

San. Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we muſt

Not

Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingred with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tel thee villaine ile teare the flesh of
Thy face and eate it, and thou prates to me thus.

San. Here comes my master now, heele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vpon his daggers point and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. See here *Kate* I haue prouided meat for thee,
Here take it what ist not worthy thanks?
Go sirha, take it away againe, you shalbe
Thankeful for the next you haue.

Kate Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin, go sirha and take
It hence I say.

San. Yes sir ile carrie it hence. Master let hir
Haue none, for she can fight as hungry as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Wel sirha set it down againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your own diet for ile none,
Ile neare be beholding to you for your meat,
I tel thee flatly here vnto thy teeth
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,
For I wil home againe vnto my fathers house.

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentel but not
Before, I know your stomacke is not yet come down,
Therefore no maruel thou canst not eat,
And I wil go vnto your Fathers house,
Come *Polidor* let vs go in againe,

And

And *Kate* come in with vs *I* know ere long,
That thou and I shall louingly agree. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter *Aurelius, Valeria and Phylotus* the Marchant.

Aurel. Now Seignior *Phylotus*, we wil go
Vnto *Alfonsos* house, and be sure you say
As I did tel you, concerning the man
That dwels in *Cestus*, whose son I said I was,
For you do very much resemble him,
And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind.
Phylo. I warrant you sir take you no care,
Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall soone inioy your harts delight.
Aurel. Thanks sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
And I wil go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Seignior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

Enter *Alfonso*

Alfon. Whose there? what *Aurelius* whats the (matter
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?
Aurel. My father sir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those matters that I told you off,
And he can certifie you of the truth.
Alfon. Is this your father? you are welcome sir,
Phylo. Thankes *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse,
I vnderstand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should do well,
I tel you sir, *I* not mislike his choise,
If you agree to giue him your consent,
He shal haue liuing to maintaine his state,

Three hundred pounds a yeare, I wil assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do soyne,
And knit themselues in holy wedlocke band,
A thousand massie ingots of pure gold,
And twise as many bars of siluer plate,
I freely giue him and in writing straight
I wil confirme what I haue said in words.

Alfon. Trust me I must commend your liberal mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I think he knowes her mind,
And I wil inlarge her dowry for your sake:
And solemnise with ioy your nuptial rites,
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?

Aurel. He is the *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowmed son,
Who for the loue his honor beares to me
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfon. You were to blame you tolde me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honor had bin here in place with me,
I would haue don my duty to your honor.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
When as these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,
To honor thus the prince of *Cestus* friend,
In celebration of his spousal rites,
He shal remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Aurelius* father.

Phylo. I humbly thanke your honor, good my Lord,
And ere we part before your honor here
Shal articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternally this league of peace shal last,
Inuiolate and pure on either part.

Alfonso

Alfo. With al my heart, but if your honor pleafe,
To walke along with vs vnto my houfe,
We wil confirme thefe leagues of lafting loue.
Val. Come then *Aurelius* I wil go with you. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Mafter the Haberdafher has brought my
Miftris home hir cap here.
Feran. Come hither firha: what haue you there?
Haber. A veluet cap fir and it pleafe you,
Feran. Who fpoke for it? didft thou *Kate*?
Kate. What if I did, come hither firha, giue me
The cap, ile fee if it wil fit me.

She fets it on her head.

Feran. O monftrous: why it becomes thee not,
Let me fee it *Kate*: here firha take it hence,
This cap is out of fafhion quite.
Kate. The fafhion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee,
To haue thee put on fuch a curtald cap,
Sirha be gone with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my miftris gowne.
Feran. Let me fee it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iags?
Sounes you villaine, thou haft fpoiled the gowne.
Taylor. Why fir I made it as your man gaue me direction,
You may read the note here.
Feran. Come hither firha: *Taylor* read the note.
Taylor. Item a faire round compaft cape.
San. I thats true.
Taylor. And a large truncke fleeue.

San. Thats a lie maister, I said two truncke sleeues.

Feran. Wel sir go forward.

Tailor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I said loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame, and beate me to death
With a bottome of browne thred.

Tailor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,
And thou saist it.

Tailor. Nay, nay, nere be so hot sirha, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare *Tailor*, thou hast braued
Many men, brauе not me.
Thou'st faste many men.

Tailor. Wel sir.

San. Face not me, ile neither be faste nor braued
At thy hands I can vel thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well inough,
Heeres more a do then needs, ile haue it I,
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shal haue nothing by your wil.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your masters vse.

San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns, take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?

Feran. Wel sir what your conceit of it?

San. I haue a deeper conceit in it then you
Thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?

Feran. *Tailor* come hither, for this time take it
Hence againe, and ile content thee for thy paines.

Tailor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor*

Feran. Come *Kate* we now wil go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shalbe rich, our garments plaine,

To ſhrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what ſhould we care for more,
Thy ſiſters *Kate* to morrow muſt be wed,
And I haue promiſed them thou ſhouldſt be there
The morning is wel vp lets haſte away,
It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clocke, why tis already paſt two
In the afternoone by al the clocks in the town.
Feran. I ſay tis but nine a clocke in the morning.
Kate. I ſay tis two a clocke in the afternoone.
Feran. It ſhal be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come back againe, we wil not go to day.
Nothing but croſsing of me ſtil,
Ile haue you ſay as I do ere you go. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter *Polider, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

Pol. Faire *Emelia* ſommers bright ſun Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where *Phœbus* in his bright æquator ſits,
Creating gold and pretious minnerals,
What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forſt
To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.
Eme. Should thou aſſay to ſcale the ſeat of Ioue,
Mounting the ſuttle ayrie regions
Or be ſnatcht vp as earſt was *Ganimed*,
Loue ſhould giue wings vnto my ſwift deſires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and periſh as did *Icarus*.
Aurel. Sweetly reſolued faire *Emelia*,
But would *Phylema* ſay as much to me,
If I ſhould aske a queſtion now of thee,
What if the duke of *Ceſtus* only ſonne,
Which came with me vnto your fathers houſe,
Should ſeeke to get *Phylemas* loue from me,

And

And make thee Dutches of that ſtately town,
Wouldſt thou not then forſake me for his loue?

Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himſelfe,
Wil *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,
Could he inſtal me Empres of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidris of the heauens,
Yet would I not exchange my loue for his,
Thy company is poore *Phylemas* heauen,
And without thee, heauen were hel to me.

Eme. And ſhould my loue as earſt did *Hercules*
Attempt to paſſe the burning vualtes of hel,
I would with piteous lookes and pleaſing words,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And rauiſhing ſound of his melodious harpe,
Intreat grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
That thou mightſt go and ſafe returne againe.

Phyle. And ſhould my loue as earſt *Leander* did,
Attempt to ſwim the boyling helipont
For *Heros* loue; no towers of braſſe ſhould hold
But I would follow thee through thoſe raging floods,
With lockes diſheuered and my breſt all bare,
With bended knees vpon *Abidos* ſhoare,
I would with ſmokie ſighes and briniſh teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods,
To ſend a guard of ſiluer ſcaled *Dolphins*,
With ſounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
And to tranſport vs ſafe vnto the ſhore;
Whilſt I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kiſſe on kiſſe vpon thy cheekes,
And with our paſtime ſtil the ſwelling waues.

Eme. Should *Polidor* as great as *Achilles* did,
Only imploy himſelfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene,
Pentheſelea Hectors paramore,

Who

Wha foild the bloudy *Pirrhus* murderous Greeke,
Ile thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my vtmost force assist my loue.

Phyle. Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
Let *Neptune* swel, be *Aurelius* caime and pleased,
I care not I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune do the worst they can,
Ireeke them not: they not discord with me,
Whilst that my loue and I do wel agree.

Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties minerall,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies,
And now my liefest loue, the time drawes nie,
That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
As *Hellens* brothers on the horned moone,
Now *Iuno* to thy number shal I adde,
The fairest bride that euer marchant had.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the priest is gon,
And at the church your father and the rest,
Do stay to see our marriage rites performd,
And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot,
That teeth of fretting time may nere vntwist,
Then come faire loue and gratulate with me,
This daies content and sweet solemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

Slie. *Sim*, must they be marreid now?

Lord. I my Lord.

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come againe now.

Feran. Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring
Them to the backe gate presently.

San. I wil sir I warrant you. *Ex. Sander*

Feran. Come *Kate* the moone shines cleere to night
methinkes,

Kate.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiud,
It is the ſun.

Feran. Yet againe, come backe againe, it ſhal be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why ile ſay as you ſay, it is the moone.

Feran. Ieſus ſaue the glorious moone.

Kate. Ieſus ſaue the glorious moone.

Faran. I am glad *Kate* your ſtomacke is come downe,
I know it wel thou knoweſt it is the ſun,
Bnt I did trie to ſee if thou wouldſt ſpeake,
And croſſe me now as thou haſt done before,
And truſt me *Kate* hadſt thou not namde the moone,
We had gone backe againe as ſure as death.
But ſoft, whoſe this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke* of *Ceſtus* alone

Duke. Thus al alone from *Ceſtus* am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this diſguiſe,
To ſee what courſe my ſon *Aurelius* takes,
But ſtay, heres ſome it may be trauels thether,
Good ſir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando ſpeakes to the old man.

Faire louely maide yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautiful,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amitheſts* or glittering *Hiaſinthe*,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glittiring *Cephirus* in ſiluer bowres,
Gaſeth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he cals me a woman.

Kate

Kate. Faire louely lady, bright and Chriſtal line,
Bewteous and ſtately as the eie-traind bird,
As glorious as the morning waſht with dew,
Within whoſe eies ſhe takes her dawning beames,
And golden ſommer ſleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrapt vp thy radiations in ſome cloud,
Leaſt that thy bewty make this ſtately towne,
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*,
With ſweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is ſhe mad to? or is my ſhape transformd
That both of them perſwade me I am a woman,
But they are mad ſure, and therefore ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto Athens haſt to ſeeke my ſon.

Exit Duke.

Feran. Why ſo *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus muſt we two liue,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am ſure, that he is gon,
But come ſweet *Kate*, for we wil after him,
And now perſwade him to his ſhape againe.

Ex. Omnes.

Enter *Alfonſo and Phylotus and Valeria, Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.*

Alfon. Come louely ſonnes your matriage rites
Performed,
Lets hie vs home to ſee what cheere we haue,
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
Come not to ſee this great ſolemnity.

Pol. No maruel if *Ferando* be away,
His wife I thinke hath troubled ſo his wits,

That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his nightcap long ago.

Phylo. But *Polidor* let my son and you take heed,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
My selfe wil fraught them with *Arabian* silkes,
Rich affricke spices, *Arras* counter poines,
Muske Cassia; sweet smelling Ambergreece,
Pearle, curral, Christal, Iet, and iuory,
To gratulate the fauors of my son,
And friendly loue that you haue showne to him.

Vale. And for to honor him and this faire bride.

Enter the *Duke* of *Cestus.*

Ile yeerely send you from my fathers court,
Chests of refind sugar seuerally,
Ten tun of tunis wine, sucket, sweet drugs,
To celebrate and solemnize this day,
And custome free your marchants shal conuerse:
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for lead,
Casses of silke for packes of wol and cloth,
To bind this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the *Duke* of *Cestus* son,
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me?

Val. Souns it is the *Duke*, what shal I do?
Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist?

Duke. Her's no villaine: he wil not know me now,
But what say you? haue you forgot me too?

Phylo. Why sir, are you acquainted with my son?

Duke. With thy son? no trust me if he be thine,

I pray you sir who am I?

Aurel. Pardon me father: humbly on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace villaine, lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.

Phylotus and *Valeria* runnes away.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. *I* say weele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tel thee *Sim* weele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vari?*
Therefore *I* say they shall not goe to prison.

Lord. No more they shal not my Lord,
They be runne away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats wel,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinkes and then fals a sleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by faire *Cintheas* burning raies,
By *Merops* head, and by seuen mouthed *Nile*,
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortal soule,
This angry sworde should rip thy hateful chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
Turne hence thy face: oh cruel impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume,
To match your daughter with my princely house,
And nere make me acquainted with the cause.

Alfon. my Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace,
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,

Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whom I did send for guide vnto my son,
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feends,
To racke his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestial orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then pasionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurel. Then let my death sweet father end your griefe,
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut off *Hydraes* head,
To make the toplesse *Alpes* a champion field,
To kil vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauel daily in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nights be cold,
I would with gladnes vndertake them all,
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phyle. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace,
To purge your stomacke of this Melancholy,
Taint not your princely mind with griefe my Lord,
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gratious fauor here.

Emel. Great prince of *Cesaw*, let a woman's words,
Intreat a pardon in your Lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord,

Duke. Aurelius stand vp I pardon thee,

I see that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune wil be thwarting honor ſtil,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter ſince tis don,
And ſee you princely vſde in *Ceſtus* court.

Phyle. Thankes good my Lord, and I no longer liue,
Then I obey and honor you in all.

Alfon. Let me giue thanks vnto your royal grace,
For this great honor don to me and mine,
And if your grace wil walke vnto my houſe,
I wil in humbleſt maner I can, ſhow
The eternal ſeruice I do owe your grace.

Duke. Thankes good *Alfonſo*: but I came alone,
And not as did beſeeme the *Ceſtian Duke*,
Nor would *I* haue it knowne within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone ſo wil I go,
And leaue my ſon to ſolemniſe his feaſt,
And ere't be long ile come againe to you,
And do him honor as beſeemes the ſon
Of mighty *Ierobel* the *Ceſtian Duke*,
Til when ile leaue you, Farewel *Aurelius*.

Aurel. Not yet my Lord, ile bring you to your ſhip.

Exeunt Omnes.

Slie ſleepes.

Lord. Whoſe within there? come hither ſirs my Lords
A ſleepe againe: go take him eaſily vp,
And put him in his own apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iuſt vnderneath the alehouſe ſide below,
But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.

Boy. It ſhalbe don my Lord, come helpe to beare him hence.

Exit

Enter *Ferando, Aurelius and Polidor and his boy, and Valeria and Sander.*

Feran. Come gentlemen nowe that suppers donne,
How shal we spend the time til we go to bed?
Aurel. Faith if you will in trial of our wiues,
Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.
Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needs sit out,
For he may cal I thinke til he be weary,
Before his wife wil come before she list.
Feran. Tis wel for you that haue such gentle wiues,
Yet in this trial wil I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* wil come as soone as yours.
Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.
Pol. I take it: Ile lay as much to yours,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.
Aurel. How now *Ferando*, you dare not lay belike.
Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeed;
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue laid as much
Vpon my dog, in running at a Deere,
She shal not come so far for such a trifle,
But wil you lay fiue hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth cal,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioy the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus,
Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. How now sons, what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know where abouts,

Aurelius

Aurel. Faith father a mighty chuse about our wiues,
Fiue hundred markes already we haue laid,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioy the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
But if I lose ile pay, and so shal you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honor if I lose I'le pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we down and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid y wilt lose.

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*,
Go bid your mistres come to me.

Val. I wil my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it al.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirha what sales your mistris?

Val. She is something busie but sheele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did not I tel you this before,
She is busie and cannot come, swere

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an an-
She may be busie, yet she sales sheele come.

Feran. Welvvel *Polidor* send you for your vvife:

Polidor

Pol. Agreed: *Boy* desire your mistris to come hither.
Boy. I wil sir. *Ex. Boy*
Feran. I, so so, he desires hir to come.
Alfon. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come,
And I do maruel much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now, wheres your mistris?
Boy. She bad me tel you that she wil not come,
And you haue any businesse, you must come to hir.
Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing star, or snow at Midsummer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She wil not come: but he must come to her.
Pol. Wel sir, I pray you lets heare what
Answere your wife wil make.
Feran. Sirha, command your mistris to come
To me presently. *Exit Sander.*
Aurel. I thinke my wife for al she did not come,
Wil proue most kind, for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she wil not come.
Faran. The mores the pitty, then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

But I haue won, for see where *Kate* doth come.
Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?
Feran. I did my loue, I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.
Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.
Feran. Pul it off and tread it vnder thy feet,
Tis foolish I wil not haue thee weare it,

She takes off her cap and treads on it.

Polidor

Pol. Oh wonderful metamorphosis!

Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile try her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridal chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither, and if they wil not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I wil.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,
Thy wife would nere haue done so much for thee.

Feran. But you shal see she wil do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and makes them come vnto their husbands cal.

Kate. See husband, I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis wel done *Kate.*

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece, your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema* thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night.
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now louely *Kate* before their husbands here,
I prethe tel vnto these headstrong women,
What dewty wiues do owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pampered wils,
Now list to me, and marke what I shal say,
Th'eternal power that with his only breath,

Shal cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For al the course of yeares, of ages, months,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand,
The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
A heape confusd, a mixture al deformd,
A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where al the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world.
The king of kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
And made al things to stand in perfect course.
Then to his image he did make a man
Olde *Adam*, and from his side a sleepe
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make
The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sinne was *Adam* doomd to die,
As *Sara* to her husband, so should we,
Obey them, loue them, keepe and nourish them,
If they by any meanes do want our helpes,
Laying our hands vnder their feet to tread,
If that by that, we mightp rocure their ease,
And for a president Ile first begin,
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feet,

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feet.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot deny the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
A hundred pounds I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.

Feran.

Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight,
For *Kate* and *I* wil leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewel, for we wil to our beds.

Exit Ferando, Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see,
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonso and Valeria.

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what saist thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Wel since tis don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparel againe, and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out:
Then enter the *Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in cristal skie,
Now must *I* hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here al night,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuft with ale,
What now *Slie*, awake for shame.

Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine: what al the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrin: come art thou
drunken stil?

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirha, I haue had
The braueſt dreame to night, that euer thou

Hardest

Hardest in al thy life.

Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife wil course you for dreaming here to night,

Slie. Wil she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it al this night til now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

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Taming of a shrew
The taming of a shrew

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